



ROBERT, RICHY, *and* SANDY.

A

PASTORAL

On the DEATH of

Matthew Prior, Esq;

(PRICE *Three Pence.*)



ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY.

PASTORAL

On the DEATH OF

Malcolm & Prior, Esq.

(PRICE THREE PENCE.)

Robert, Richy and Sandy.

A

PASTORAL

On the DEATH of

Matthew Prior, *Esq;*

DEDICATED TO

The Right Honourable Person

Design'd by the Old SHEPHERD.

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*



L O N D O N:

Printed by S. PALMER, for BERNARD LINTOT, at the
Cross-Keys between the Temple Gates in Fleet street, and Sold
by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-lane. 1721.

Robert, Ricky and Sandy.

A

PASTORAL

OF THE DEATH OF

Matthew Prior, Esq;

DEDICATED TO

The Right Honourable Person

Deputy of the Old SHEPHERD.

By ALLAN RAMSAY



L O N D O N

Printed by S. PARMEY, for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the
Cross-Key, between the Temple Gates in Fleet Street, and Sold
by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane. 1751.



TO THE
Right Honourable

My LORD,



*H E Unwelcome
Subject of the en-
suing PASTORAL
having for many
Years been lov'd
and admir'd by every one of good
Sense who had a Taste for Poe-
try writ with Witt, Strength,
and Politeness, yet easy; --- 'tis
well*

well known, that your Lordship
has suffer'd nothing in your shi-
ning Character by having had a
Regard for a Person of his
Worth: Wherefore I have used
(perhaps with too much Assu-
rance) the Freedom to crave your
Protection of this small Monu-
ment rais'd to his Memory.

Tho' the Language hereof may
seem uncouth, it will afford Your
Lordship the greater Amusement,
when explain'd by a Scotsman.
I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's
most humble and
unkenn'd Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.



Robert, Richy, and Sandy.

A
PASTORAL, &c.



ROBERT the douse, by a' the

Swains rever'd,

Wife are his Words, like Siller

is his Beard;

Near saxty shining Simmers he has seen,

Tenting his Hirsle on the *Moorland* Green:

Unshaken yet wi' mony a Winter's Wind,
Stout are his Limbs, and youthfu' is his Mind;

But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see

Him fac cast down; ye wadna trow its he;

By break of Day he seeks the dowy Glen,

That he may scowth to a' his mourning len;

Nane but the clinty Craigs and serogy Briers

Were Witnesses of a' his Granes and Tears.

Howder'd wi' Hills a Crystal Burnie ran,

Where twa young Shepherds fand the auld
good Man:

Anc RICHY height, a Friend to a' distrest,

Anc SANDY, wha of Shepherd's sings the
best:

With

With friendly Looks they speer'd wherefore
 He mourn'd; his Tail, could he wag
 Three Times he sigh'd, and thus to them re-
 turn'd;

R O B E R T.

My MATT, my MATT! O Lads, e'en take
 a Skair

Of a' my Grief--- Our sweet-tongu'd MATT
 's nae mair.

Ah Heav'ns! did e'er this lyart Head of mine
 Think to have seen the cauldrie Mools on thine?

R I C H T.

My Heart misga'e me, when I came this way;
 His Dog its lane fat yowling on a Brae;

well

B

I cry'd,

I cry'd, *Iskisk*--- poor *Ringwood*,--- *Fairy Man*;
 He wagg'd his Tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my
 Hand : and thus Three Times he lick'd, and three Times
 I straik'd his Back, which eas'd a wee his Pain ;
 But soon 's I gade away, he yowl'd again.
 Poor kindly Beast ;--- Ah Sirs ! how sic should be
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we.

SANDY

LAST Ouk I dream'd my Troop that bears
 the Bell,
 And paths the Snaw out, o'er a high Craig fell,
 And brake his Neck ---- I started frae my Bed,
 Awak'd, and leugh. ---- But now my Dream its
 red.

I cry'd

B

How

[94]

How dreigh's our Cares, our Joys hew soon
away !

Like Sun-blinks on a cloudy Winters Day !
Flow on ye Tears, ye have free Leave for me ;
O sweet-tongu'd M A T T, thousands shall greet
for thee !

R O B E R T,

THANKS to my Friends for ilka briny Tear
Ye shed for him, wha to us a' was dear ;

SANDY, I'm eas'd to see thee look so wan ;

RICHY, thy Sighs bespeak a kindly Man,

B 2 R I C H Y,

R I C H T.

B U T twice the Simmer's Sun has thaw'd
the Snaw,

Since frae our Heights *Eddie* was tane awa' :

Fast *Matt* has follow'd. ---- Of twa sic bereft,

To smooth our Souls, alake, wha have we left ?

Waes me ! o'er short a Tack of sic are giv'n ;

But wha may contradict the Will of Heav'n ?

Yet mony a Year he liv'd to hear the Dale

Sing o'er his Sang, and tell his merry Tale.

L A S T Year I had a stately tall Ash Tree,
Braid were its Branches, a sweet Shade to me ;
I thought it might have flourish'd on the Brae
(Tho' past its Prime) yet twenty Years or sae :

But

But ane rough Night the blar'ring Winds blew

finely,

Torn from its Roots, adown it fouchan fell,

Twin'd of its Nourishment it lifeless lay,

Mixing its wither'd Leaves among the Clay.

Sae flourish'd *Matt* :-- but where's the Tongue

can tell

How fair he grew ! how much lamented fell !

How gay he was ! how much lamented fell !

S A N D Y.

How snackly could he give a Fool Reproof,

E'en with a canty Tale he'd tell aff-loof !

How did he Warning to the dowsen'd sing,

By auld *Purganty* and the *Dutchman's* Ring !

And Lucky's *Siller Ladle* shaws how aft

Our greatest Wishes are but mean and daft.

Unna-

Unnatural Wits he will'd them a' to pap,
 Their crazy Heads into *Tam Tinnin's* Shap,
 Where they might see a Squirrel wi' his Bell,
 Ay wrestling up, but rising like themfells;
 Thousands of things he wittily could say,
 With Fancy strong, and Satir as clear as Day;
 Gay were his Tales: --- But where's the Tongue
 can tell
 How gay he was! how much lamented fell!

R I C H Y

AND as he blythsome was, sae was he wife,
 Our Laird himself would aft take his Advice;
 E'en Cheek for Chew he'd feat him mang
 them a',

And tak his Mind 'bout Kittle Points of Law,

When

When Clan *Red-Yards, yoken, wi' wicked

Fewd,

Had skaild of ours, but mair of his own Blood,

When I and several mair that were right crouse,

Wad fain about his Lugs have burnt his House;

Yet Lady *ANNE*, a Woman meek and kind,

A Fac to Rancour and a bloody Mind,

When mony in the Fray had got their Dead,

To make the Peace our Friend was sent wi'

Speed.

The very Facs had for him just Regard,

Tho' sair he jyb'd their † foremost singing Bard.

* Lewis XIV. King of France.

† Boileau, whose Ode on the taking of Namur by the French, 1692, he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the British, 1695.

Active was M A T T:--- But where's the Tongue
can tell

How wise he was! how much lamented fell! H

S A N D T.

W H A could like him in a short Sang define?
The bonny Lass, and her young Lover's Pine? A
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,

Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his Clay, W
To gratifie the paughty Wench's Pride, T
The silly Shepherd bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

But sic dear Lasses, as the Nit-brown Maid, T
Shall never want ay-lasting Honours paid; T

Sic claim'd his Lays, and still it was his Care

With manly Mind to shield and roose the Fair.

Sweet

Sweet was his Voice, when Beauty was in view,
 Smooth ran his Lines, ay grac'd wi' something
 new :

Nae Word stood wrang. ----- But where's the
 Tongue can tell

How soft he sang ! how much lamented fell !

R I C H T.

A N D when he had a Mind to be mair grave,
 A Minister nae better could behave ;
 Far out of Sight of sic he often flew,
 When he of haly Wonders took a View ;
 Well could he praise the Power that made us a',
 And bid us in Return but tent his Law,

Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,
 Wi' thousand Times mair Care than we our
 Sheep;

When he of God's unbounded Wisdom sang,
 My Heart lap high, my Lugs wi' Pleasure rang:
 These to repeat, braid-spoken, I wad spill,
 Altho' I should imploy my outmost Skill.
 He tower'd aboon: --- But where's the Tongue
 can tell

How high he flew! how much lamented fell!

ROBERT.

My Bennison, dear Lads, light on ye balth,
 Wha ha'e sae true a Feeling of our Skaith;
 O *Sandy*, draw his Likeness in smooth Verse,
 As well ye can --- Then Shepherds shall rehearse

His

His Merit, while the Sun mets out the Day,
While Ews shall bleet, and little Lambkins mac.

I'VE been a Fauter now three Days are past,
While I for Grief have hardly broke my Fast.
Let's to my Shiel, I have a Browst of Tip,
As good as ever wush a Shepherd's Lip :
We'll take a Scour o't to put aff our Pain,
For Reason tells me a' our Sighs are vain ;
Come help me up ----Yon sooty Cloud shores
Rain.



F I N I S.

His Meats, while the Sun melts out the Day,
While Ewes shall bleed, and little Lambskins mac.

I have seen a Fainter now three Days are past,
While I for Gild have hardly bro't my Fatt.

I see to my Shill, I have a Blow of Tip,
As good as ever with a Shepherd's Lip:

Well take a Second set to put an' our Pain,
For Reason tells me up, and down the main,
Come help me up, and down the main,
Come help me up, and down the main.



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